

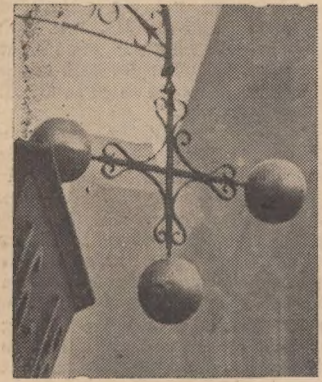
Good Morning 599

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

THIS POSE IS
FOR A PIN-UP, A.B.
HARRY HARDING



Uncle talks to Gordon Rich



THERE is often sheer tragedy in the bundle of bedclothes "put in" for a few shillings to keep the wolf from the door. And the next client is a cheery young fellow who wants a pound or two on a gold watch—to put on a "dead cert in the 2.30." We do see life, you can take it from me!

There's a notice on our counters which reads: "You can have your parcels put in brown paper and string on payment of twopence." That's done because people don't like to have their pawned goods soiled.

Most folk come in on Mondays to get a few shillings to last the week, and then they pay it back on Friday when they get their wages.

"Look out how you do 'em up, lovie. I don't want to iron

'em all over again on Friday," the old dears say when they trot in with their bundles of lace curtains.

But upstairs is more human, poignant evidence of what "uncle" means to thousands of people. In our strong-room there are rows and rows of drawers, all with dates and record figures on them. Inside are hundreds of little white envelopes. In each is a ring—a wedding ring.

Many of them were brought in to me by women in tears. They needed the money so badly.

All isn't gold that glitters! The pawnbroker soon learns that. We use the nitric acid test on a Wedgwood slab to tell if gold is good.

Just behind the counter you will see a small flat square of Wedgwood, with two tiny bottles. If you hand me a ring to pawn I rub it on the slab, leaving an almost invisible smear of gilt. Then the nitric acid is dabbed on.

If it is genuine 18-carat gold it remains unaffected by the acid. If it is 9-carat gold it goes reddish colour, while if it is dross it is corroded at once and vanishes!

Precious stones are often hard to judge, and there are plenty of crooks who make a living defrauding pawnbrokers and jewellers with sham goods.

Cleverest fake of all are "sandwich stones." These consist of a "slice" of real diamond top and bottom, with a

filling of paste. I've seen "sandwiches" so carefully made that you can't find the joins. But pop them in an iodine solution, and you'll see bubbles popping out of the cracks!

A favourite of the dodgers is to keep coming in with the same article for pawn week after week. Then one day the assistant may be busy and will forget to examine the bundle. When at length he does, he finds he's been "had."

Never buy a pawn-ticket from a stranger. A favourite trick in dockside areas is for "sailors" to hawk pawn-tickets on the excuse that "they've got to rush to catch their ship, and they'd sooner lose a few bob than miss their job."

You buy the ticket for half its value. When you go to redeem your "bargain," you find that the "sailor" has fooled the pawnbroker, and you, too, with some faked jewellery.

Another trick often tried is to offer jewellery for pledge in dull weather, when it is harder to judge its worth. This applies specially to diamond rings, which may have a paste centre.

A favourite dodge of ring-fakers is to act drunk if the pawnbroker gets suspicious. If they've tried to "plant" some dud jewellery and failed, they break into their drunk act at once. Why? Well, under the Pawnbrokers Act of 1872 it is an offence to take an article in

pawn from anybody who is intoxicated. So if the pawnbroker sends for the police there may be trouble all round.

It costs £7 10s. a year for a pawnbroker's Inland Revenue licence, and you have to get a local certificate from the borough council as well—one for each shop. You don't have to put the three brass balls up outside the door, but you must have your name and the word "Pawnbroker" painted up. Also, you must display a card giving the same information as is on the pawn-tickets themselves.

The majority of the goods I take in come under the 10s. limit, when we charge 1d. for the pawn-ticket and 1d. a month for each 2s. But above the £2 limit we are allowed to make special contracts, provided we don't charge more than 20 per cent. interest.

Your goods are safe in a pawnbroker's shop. We are bound now by law to pay the value of the pledge after deducting the amount of the loan and the profit if goods are destroyed by fire or are stolen. If you lose your pawn-ticket you may have to go before a magistrate to get another. If there is no special declaration, "uncle" has to hand the goods over to the man who produces the ticket for them.

But, as some slight compensation for this, stealing a pawn-ticket is an offence of larceny.

We get queer things in for pawn. A medical student came in once with a box like a portable wireless set.

"Does it get the Forces programme?" I asked.

"No, but it'll take your appendix out," he said. "It's a diathermy machine I've been working on for surgery with an electric knife!"

He went away happy to take a temporary loan of 35s. on this gadget, which probably cost several hundreds of pounds to build.

Golf clubs, stethoscopes, stone garden ornaments, false teeth, family heirlooms, old shirts—there's practically no limit to what we're asked to accept.

But, apart from pants, shirts, and lace curtains, our biggest trade is done with wedding rings. Many poor people, especially costers, put all their savings in a gold wedding ring. I get several huge rings worth over £20. That means the life-savings of some unlucky family.

Even now, after all my experience, there is still a moment of tragedy to me when, in the privacy and shadows of my cubicles, a woman drags the ring off her finger and tosses it on the counter with a hopeless gesture.

"How much on that, gutter-nor?" she asks, with a bitter anxiousness in her voice. Will I give her enough to last out the week?

A friend of mine used to put in his window, under the three brass balls sign, a notice which read: "Come and see me at your earliest inconvenience!"

And that really sums up the whole purpose of "uncle's" job. There are no fortunes to be made in my work.

JERSEY, SIR? IT'S NUTS TO YOU

AFTER the war you may wear a brightly coloured pullover made from monkey-nuts. The transformation probably sounds fantastic, but it has already been accomplished, and only the need for concentration on war production prevents this new wool-like synthetic fibre coming on the market.

Actually, the change from monkey-nuts to wool is not so strange when you consider that it is occurring every day—in the bodies of wool-bearing animals. They change the vegetable proteins in their food into fibres. The chemist does the same thing quicker and more cheaply.

The principle of the process is treating the protein from monkey-nuts with alkali, and then making a spinning solution, similar to that from which artificial silk is prepared.

The resulting thread can be dyed, and the part of the monkey-nut not used gives oils for margarine and cattle-feed. This synthetic wool has the enormous advantage of being moth-proof.

In practice, this new fibre will probably be used for clothing mixed with ordinary wool. The result will be a fabric

cheaper and lighter than natural wool.

The latest fashions in a few years may include "seaweed" skirts. They will be nothing like those of the South Sea Islands with which films have made us familiar!

They will be woven of a rayon made from a complex chemical called alginic acid, which is present in seaweeds to the extent of 20-40 per cent. of their weight. Alginic acid is very closely allied chemically to cellulose, from which artificial yarns have been made for many years.

Rayon from seaweed has now been prepared in the laboratory, and it seems to be only a matter of developing the details of the commercial process. Much experiment has been carried out at Leeds and a number of patents granted.

The new industry would be of special interest to Scotland, where immense quantities of seaweed are available.

To make the yarn from alginic acid prepared by treating seaweed with alkali, sodium alginate is spun into a coagulating bath containing an emulsifying agent. The first yarns prepared had the immense disadvantage of being soluble in soap solutions, but this difficulty has been overcome by combining the alginic acid with chromium or beryllium instead of sodium or calcium.

The new materials have been successfully dyed in over fifty colours.

These are only two examples of the many new textiles being produced. Many experiments have been carried out with preparing fibres from proteins, and the Germans even made yarn from fish-waste protein!

Many plastic textiles are appearing, some of them with the great advantage of being waterproof, dustproof and stainproof, so that, for instance, curtains have only to be wiped with a damp cloth to be "washed." They will be used for the upholstery of train, theatre and cinema seats, and possibly in the home.

Glass is being successfully woven into fabrics. It sounds chilly, but, in fact, the great advantage of glass fabric, apart from ease of washing, is that it is warm.

The glass is highly insulating. The fabric is as soft as natural fibres.

It would be wrong to think these new materials will drive out cotton, wool, flax, and the others to which we have become accustomed. In a great many cases the synthetic fibres are only at their best when mixed with natural ones.

Immense strides are being made in the treatment of natural fibres. Wool can now be treated so that it will not shrink, will not be attacked by moths, will not "shine" with wear, and will hold a crease permanently.

Other important treatments provide a thread that will not "slip." This means no more seams pulling out or stockings running. Yet another process takes the "tickle" out of wool.

Cotton can be treated so that its wearing quality is doubled and so that it is water-repellent. Naturally, coloured cottons are being grown in Russia. Natural colours of brown, pink and lemon are unfadeable.

Altogether, it looks as if our clothes are going to be remarkably interesting in the next ten years

T. S. Douglas

WE were so sorry we weren't able to include your wife in the photograph along with your mother and brother in a recent issue of "Good Morning," A.B. Harry Harding, that we got her to come along to the office in her lunch-hour to pose for this picture for you.

She came in for a lot of leg-pulling from her boss, who wanted to know whether she was going to be a pin-up girl. Anyway, Harry, the

main thing was that she did come, and we hope you like the result.

She was glad to see Chris in the photo we showed her of your family, but she said that as far as she is concerned Gyp is still Number 1 dog; but we expect you'll have something to say about that when you get home.

Until then, Harry, your wife is thinking of you, and sends you all her love.

Calling Ldg. Sto. Arthur Baldwin



YOUR mother was still admiring the present which you, Harold and Hilda had given her and your father on their silver wedding anniversary, when we called at 2 Emerson Street, Cheetham, Manchester, Leading Stoker Arthur Baldwin.

his mother just as much as you used to. Remember, Arthur? Anyway, your mother didn't seem to mind, and she is waiting for the day when she can have the two of you at home together.

Plenty of presents arrived at No. 2 on the great day, and if you look closely you will probably see some of them in the photograph.

Since you were last home, your favourite cat, Beauty, has had a litter of kittens, though by this time Monty, your Mother's favourite, is now nearly as big as his mother.

With a long holiday from school, your brother Harold was getting up to all the tricks you used to play when you were his age, and worrying

ALEX CRACK

A Scotsman filled his pipe and asked his fellow passenger for a match. The man replied that he hadn't got one. After having asked each one in the carriage for a match, without success, he grumbled, "Well, I suppose I'll have to use my own."

Friend: "Can your wife manage on your small salary?"

Husband: "Oh, yes. But the children and I have to borrow from her when we want any money."

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

The Theory and the Hound

YOU must know that Ratona is an island twenty miles off the south of a South American republic. It is a port of that republic; and it sleeps sweetly in a smiling sea, toiling not nor spinning; fed by the abundant tropics where all things "ripen, cease and fall towards the grave."

Eight hundred people dream life away in a green-embowered village that follows the horseshoe curve of its bijou harbour. They are mostly Spanish and Indian mestizos, with a shading of San Domingo Negroes, a lightening of pure-blood Spanish officials and a slight leavening of the froth of three or four pioneering white races.

No steamers touch at Ratona save the fruit steamers which take on their banana inspectors there on their way to the coast. They leave Sunday newspapers, ice, quinine, bacon, watermelons and vaccine matter at the island, and that is about all the touch Ratona gets with the world.

"Every dog-lover is a wife-beater" expounds O. HENRY in this provocative TWO DAY yarn

The "Pajaro" paused at the mouth of the harbour, rolling heavily in the swell that sent the whitecaps racing beyond the smooth water inside. Already two dories from the village—one conveying fruit inspectors, the other going for what it could get—were half-way out to the steamer.

The inspectors' dory was taken on board with them, and the "Pajaro" steamed away for the mainland for its load of fruit.

The other boat returned to Ratona bearing a contribution from the "Pajaro's" store of ice,

the usual roll of newspapers and one passenger—Taylor Plunkett, Sheriff of Chatham County, Kentucky.

Bridger, the United States consul at Ratona, was cleaning his rifle in the official shanty under a bread-fruit tree twenty yards from the water of the harbour. The consul occupied a place somewhat near the tail of his political party's procession. The music of the band wagon sounded very faintly to him in the distance. The plums of office went to others.

Bridger's share of the spoils—the consulship at Ratona—was little more than a prune—a dried prune from the boarding-house department of the public crib. But 900 dollars yearly was opulence in Ratona. Besides, Bridger had contracted a passion for shooting alligators in the lagoons near his consulate, and he was not unhappy.

He looked up from a careful inspection of his rifle lock and saw a broad man filling his doorway. A broad, noiseless, slow-moving man, sunburned almost to the brown of Vandyke. A man of forty-five, neatly clothed in homespun, with scanty light hair, a close-clipped brown-and-grey beard and pale-blue eyes expressing mildness and simplicity.

"You are Mr. Bridger, the consul," said the broad man. "They directed me here. Can you

tell me what those big bunches of things like gourds are in those trees that look like feather dusters along the edge of the water?"

"Take that chair," said the consul, re-oiling his cleaning rag. "No, the other one—that bamboo thing won't hold you. Why, they're cocoanuts—green cocoanuts. The shell of 'em is always a light green before they're ripe."

"Much obliged," said the other man, sitting down carefully. "I Morgan. I didn't quite like to tell the folks at home they were olives unless I was nuts," suggested Plunkett.

sure about it. My name is Plunkett. I'm sheriff of Chatham County, Kentucky. I've got extradition papers in my pocket authorising the arrest of a man on this island. "They've been signed by the President of this country, and they're in correct shape. The man's name is Wade Williams. He's in the cocoanut raising business. What he's wanted for is the murder of his wife two years ago. Where can I find him?"

The consul squinted an eye and looked through his rifle barrel.

"There's nobody on the island who calls himself 'Williams,'" he remarked.

"Didn't suppose there was," said Plunkett mildly. "He'll do by any other name."

"Besides myself," said Bridger, "there are only two Americans on Ratona—Bob Reeves and Henry

Plunkett. "The man I want sells coco-

"You see that cocoanut walk extending up to the point?" said the consul, waving his hand towards the open door. "That belongs to Bob Reeves. Henry Morgan owns half the trees to loo'ard on the island."

"One month ago," said the sheriff, "Wade Williams wrote a confidential letter to a man in Chatham County, telling him where he was and how he was getting along. The letter was lost; and the person that found it gave it away. They sent me after him, and I've got the papers. I reckon he's one of your cocoanut men for certain."

"You've got his picture, of course," said Bridger. "It might be Reeves or Morgan, but I'd hate to think it. They're both as fine fellows as you'd meet in an all-day auto ride."

"No," doubtfully answered Plunkett; "there wasn't any picture of Williams to be had. And I never saw him myself. I've been sheriff only a year. But I've got a pretty accurate description of him. About 5 feet 11; dark hair and eyes; nose inclined to be Roman; heavy about the shoulders; strong, white teeth, with none missing; laughs a good deal, talkative; drinks considerably but never to intoxication; looks you square in the eye when talking; age thirty-five. Which one of your men does that description fit?"

The consul grinned broadly. "I'll tell you what you do," he said, laying down his rifle and slipping on his dingy black alpaca coat. "You come along, Mr. Plunkett, and I'll take you up to see the boys. If you can tell which one of 'em your description fits better than it does the other you have the advantage of me."

(Continued on Page 3)

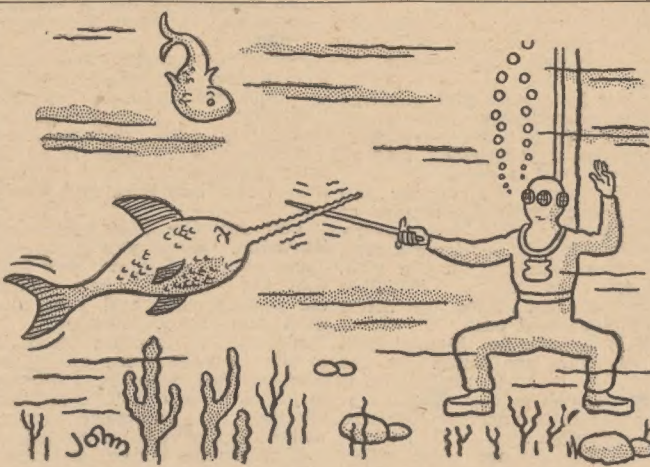
QUIZ for today

1. Thulium is a state of happiness, dangerous drug, last word upon a subject, rare metal?
2. What is the difference between a thickback and a thick-knee?
3. Whose beard was singed by Drake?
4. What are the traditional names of the penitent and impenitent thieves who were crucified with Christ?

5. If you were given a Seal-rex, you would: Stamp letters with it, put it in a hutch, make it into a brooch, put it in a pond?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Biology, Geology, Tautology, Zoology, Physiology.

Answers to Quiz in No. 598

1. Stick for stirring porridge.
2. Leap of leopards.
3. Frank Buckland.
4. Sydenham.
5. Pride, covetousness, lust, envy, sloth, gluttony, anger.
6. P. G. Wodehouse is a humorist; others are not.



I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



SOMEWHERE in Burma, where men of a battalion of the Dorsetshire Regiment are fighting the Japs, there is a church known as St. Aldhelm's-in-the-Jungle.

From this unexpected source the treasurer of Dorset County Hospital, Dorchester, has received a donation of £3 10s., the proceeds of an offertory taken at a service in the jungle church.

In a letter acknowledging the receipt of "this most helpful and encouraging donation," Mr. W. J. Brymer, chairman of the hospital, wrote to the padre of the Dorsets: "It is most gratifying to receive a contribution from a church so far away and to know that the hospital is remembered by its friends on service overseas."

★

"MADE in Wales" will soon substitute the inscription on clocks and watches, following a big estate deal. The Ynyscedwyn Estate in the Swansea Valley has been bought by a new firm called Anglo-Celtic Watch Company Ltd., formed by Smiths English Clocks Ltd. and the Ingersoll Company. On this estate the Government is running up the fifth of its Standard factories for South Wales.

There are 85 acres on the Estate, and, provided the first factory proves a success, which no one doubts, other factories for the manufacture of high-grade watches and clocks will be built. There will be jobs for many hundreds after the war, and as other factories go up in this Little Switzerland, thousands of work-people will find light employment. Sixty per cent. of the workers will be men and boys.

★

THE historic Liberal Party, once thought by its opponents and competitors to be practically extinct, is about to demonstrate that it is alive and kicking. A fighting fund is to be raised, and many constituencies are to be fought at the next General Election.

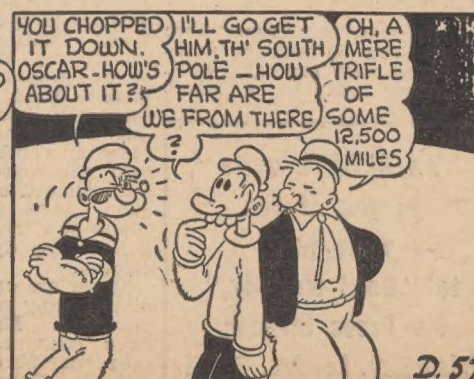
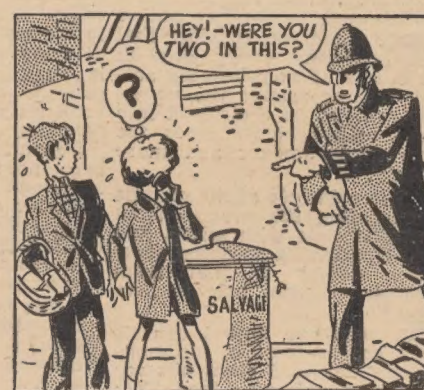
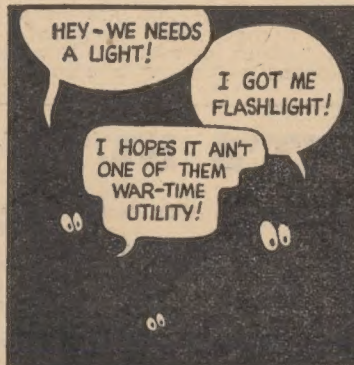
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—538

1. Fill in the missing letters and make a common word:—M*T*E*A*I*S.
2. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: FILM into STAR, and DOOR into JAMB.
3. What Irish county has LW for the exact middle of its name?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 537

1. STRAIGHTFORWARD.
2. GALE, gull, gill, gilt, wilt, wild, WIND; MOON, moan, roan, roar, soar, spar, STAR.
3. CHARLTERHOUSE.

JANE

"The Theory and the Hound"

(Continued from Page 2)

Bridger conducted the sheriff out and along the hard beach close to which the tiny houses of the village were distributed. Immediately back of the town rose sudden, small, thickly wooded hills. Up one of these, by means of steps cut in the hard clay, the consul led Plunkett. On the very verge of an eminence was perched a two-room wooden cottage with a thatched roof. A Carib woman was washing clothes outside. The consul ushered the sheriff to the door of the room that overlooked the harbour.

Two men were in the room, about to sit down, in their shirt sleeves, to a table spread for dinner. They bore little resemblance one to the other in detail; but the general description given by Plunkett could have been justly applied to either.

In height, colour of hair, shape of nose, build and manners each of them tallied with it. They were fair types of jovial, ready-witted,

broad-gauged Americans who had gravitated together for companionship in an alien land.

"Hello, Bridger!" they called in unison at sight of the consul. "Come and have dinner with us!" And then they noticed Plunkett at his heels, and came forward with hospitable curiosity.

"Gentlemen," said the consul, his voice taking on unaccustomed formality, "this is Mr. Plunkett. Mr. Plunkett—Mr. Reeves and Mr. Morgan."

The cocoanut barons greeted the newcomer joyously. Reeves seemed about an inch taller than Morgan, but his laugh was not quite as loud. Morgan's eyes were deep brown; Reeves's were black. Reeves was the host and busied himself with fetching other chairs and calling to the Carib woman for supplemental table ware. It was explained that Morgan lived in a bamboo shack to "loo'ard," but that every day the two friends dined together.

Plunkett stood still during the

preparations, looking about mildly with his pale-blue eyes. Bridger looked apologetic and uneasy.

At length two other covers were laid and the company was assigned to places. Reeves and Morgan stood side by side across the table from the visitors. Reeves nodded genially as a signal for all to seat themselves. And then suddenly Plunkett raised his hand with a gesture of authority. He was looking straight between Reeves and Morgan.

"Wade Williams," he said quietly, "you are under arrest for murder."

Reeves and Morgan instantly exchanged a quick, bright glance, the quality of which was interrogation, with a seasoning of surprise. Then, simultaneously they turned to the speaker with a puzzled and frank deprecation in their gaze.

"Can't say that we understand you, Mr. Plunkett," said Morgan cheerfully. "Did you say 'Williams'?"

"What's the joke, Bridger?" morrow. I want you to understand asked Reeves, turning to the consul that.

Before Bridger could answer Plunkett spoke again.

"I'll explain," he said quietly. "One of you don't need any explanation, but this is for the other one. One of you is Wade Williams of Chatham County, Kentucky. You murdered your wife on May 5th, two years ago, after ill-treating and abusing her continually for five years. I have the proper papers in my pocket for taking you back with me, and you are going. We will return on the fruit steamer that comes back by this island tomorrow to leave its inspectors. I acknowledge, gentlemen, that I'm not quite sure which one of you is Williams. But Wade Williams goes back to Chatham County to-

A great sound of merry laughter from Morgan and Reeves went out over the still harbour. Two or three fishermen in the fleet of sloops anchored there looked up at the house of the diabolos Americanos on the hill and wondered.

"My dear Mr. Plunkett," cried Morgan, conquering his mirth, "the dinner is getting cold. Let us sit down and eat. I am anxious to get my spoon into that shark-fin soup."

"Sit down, gentlemen, if you please," added Reeves, pleasantly. "I am sure Mr. Plunkett will not object."

"No objections, I'm sure," said Plunkett,

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

CROSSWORD CORNER

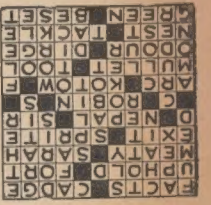


CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Boy's name.
- 7 Water bird.
- 8 Verbal.
- 10 Passenger.
- 11 Shook.
- 13 Former.
- 14 Straight stick.
- 15 Attention.
- 16 Careless.
- 19 Suffice.
- 20 Horse.
- 21 Scotch boy.
- 23 Printing measure.
- 25 Gaojers.
- 28 Rank.
- 30 Recline.
- 31 Kick.
- 32 Flow along.
- 34 Knob.
- 35 Male deer.
- 36 South African.
- 37 Make-believe.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Ring of guards.
- 2 Garden tool.
- 3 Close to.
- 4 Ship's level.
- 5 Unit of work.
- 6 Wise.
- 7 Shout.
- 9 Metal.
- 10 Encourages.
- 11 Triumphed.
- 12 Was sleepy.
- 14 Adjust.
- 17 Tun.
- 18 Ox.
- 22 Ensnared.
- 24 Insect.
- 26 Border.
- 27 Pronoun.
- 29 Shawl.
- 33 Go wrong.
- 34 Member of family.
- 36 Remain.



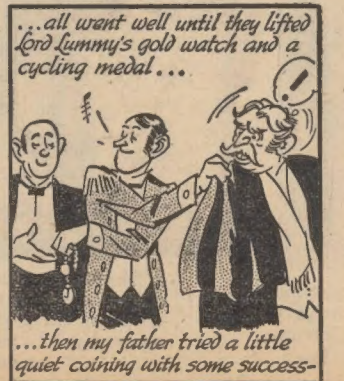
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



TO-DAY'S STAR

June Haver

"DISCOVERED" by Darryl F. Zanuck, Vice-President in Charge of Production at the 20th Century-Fox Studios, lovely June Haver is a little girl who's doing big things. In her first picture, "Home in Indiana," a Technicolor romance of light-harness horse-racing, June co-stars with Lon McCallister and Jeanne Crain.

So successful was she in this, her first screen appearance, that she was immediately cast opposite Dick Haymes (one of the top crooners in the States) in Fox's forthcoming "Irish Eyes Are Smiling," Technicolor musical romance, telling the story of Ernest R. Ball, composer of the title-song and many other world-famous hits.

Born June 10, 1926, at Rock Island, Illinois, she made her stage debut at the age of six in a repertory theatre production in Cincinnati. At the age of seven she won the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music's Post Music Contest, and appeared in a piano solo with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Goossens.

Screen-tested at eight, her mother turned down the offer in favour of a normal childhood for June. But from thereon she studied dramatics. At the age of nine she won the oratory contest at Hamilton Carnegie Public School. At ten she was singing over station WHBF in Rock Island. At 11 she dreamed up a juvenile programme of her own and sold the idea to a sponsor. At 13 she made her debut as a band vocalist with Dick Jurgens and his orchestra. At 14 she sang with Freddie Martin and his band. At 15 she was touring with Ted Fio Rito's band. The tour landed her in Hollywood, where June made two short films—one with Ted Fio Rito, the other with Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Then her mother made her go back to school! There she promptly won both scholastic and dramatic honours. She was voted the most talented pupil at the school, and played the leading role in the school's end-of-term production.

Her performance in this school play was seen by a Fox talent scout, and she was signed to a term contract.

Five feet two inches tall, she weighs exactly 100 pounds. She's expert at tennis, swimming, horseback riding. Her favourite colours are pink, blue and red. Her favourite music is swing—and her favourite band that of Harry James. Her pet aversion is the smell of cigars—which she calls "vile." She also hates ear-rings.

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 598: Melbourne Inman.

Good Morning



THIS ENGLAND. "There's a wind on the heath, brother," and to-day it's blowing strong and clean along the Buckinghamshire downs from Eddlesburgh to Ivinghoe.



Petty Officer S. V. Wragg, of H.M. Submarine "Satyr," was recently decorated by the King at Buckingham Palace with the D.S.M. Young Margaret may not have understood very much about the ceremony, but she certainly thinks her daddy's medal is a mighty pretty plaything.

Columbia's Ann Miller, as far as we know, never beats time for the band. Oh, no, she just beats the band!



Esme Lee, the Hula Hula dancer with Felix Mendelsohn's band at the Hammersmith Palais, invites the boys to step up and shaka da hip with her on the dance floor. Believe you us, they don't need asking twice!



"She's the leader of the band," and when she beats time, the boys find no difficulty in keeping their eyes glued to the music — we would hazard a guess.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'm the little cat under her chair!"

